

COL. NATHAN APPLETON TO MARRY MISS OVERTON ON NOV. 16.

By marrying her she gets one fortune and saves another—A Large Gathering of People Expected to Witness the Ceremony—Some Announcements of Wedding Dinners and Receptions—Social Notes.

ANY New York people will read with interest the announcement of the approaching marriage of Col. Nathan Appleton, of Boston. Although two generations of bewitching damsels have set their caps for Col. Appleton and been successfully resisted, he proved himself not altogether adamant by his marked attentions a year ago, in Paris, to Miss Jeannette Overton, daughter of Mr. E. J. Overton, of Ovington Bros., Brooklyn, and the announcement of their engagement followed. Their wedding which will take place on Nov. 16, will probably be the largest gathering of people from different cities seen for a long time, as Col. Appleton is a cosmopolitan and has his friends scattered over both continents. It is whispered among the Bostonians that this marriage, by which he will acquire one fortune, will save him another, as his elder brother, Tom Appleton, left a clause in his will that he was to be cut off if he continued to endure the miseries of bachelorhood after the age of thirty-five. The dreaded birthday is now at hand, and it is to be hoped that no sudden illness of the bride will make the plan "gang aft' agley."

Mrs. Josephine Wray, of 295 Fifth Avenue, in her last letter home, made no mention of returning at present. Having her hospitable house closed for the winter will be a loss to her many friends. She is at present travelling in Spain.

The autumn meeting of the Universalist Club was held last evening at Clark's in Twenty-third street. As many as sixty were present. The Rev. Thomas L. Sawyer, D. D., of College Hill, Mass. was the guest of the evening.

Mrs. Miller, of 2031 Fifth Avenue, will give a wedding reception on Monday.

Mrs. T. G. Sloan, of 17 West Fifty-seventh street, will give a reception on Thursday, Nov. 3.

The usual Saturday evening dance in the pretty theatre at Tuxedo will, it is expected, be more fully attended to-night than it has yet been this season.

Mrs. J. F. Plummer, of 24 East Fifty-sixth street, will give a reception on Dec. 9.

A dinner will be given at the Gilsey House of forty covers on Monday evening in honor of Mr. J. G. Breslin, who has just arrived in this city after summing abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hayes, nee Bowen, will give receptions during November on Wednesday afternoons at their home, 237 East One Hundred and Twentieth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Gerike, nee Van Dorp are travelling in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Taylor, Jr., are taking a Southern trip.

Mrs. S. J. Weiser, of 205 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street, will give a wedding reception in honor of her daughter on Thursday, Oct. 27.

Mrs. E. Matka, will give a wedding reception at her home, 104 West Thirtieth street, next Wednesday.

Company K of the Seventh Regiment will give a dinner on Wednesday, Oct. 26, in Mazzetti's banquet hall.

Mrs. Hornestein, of 247 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, will give a wedding reception on Nov. 9.

Mrs. D. E. Fickett, of 47 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, will give a dinner to-morrow evening.

The Zeta Psi Club will give a dinner at its club house, 24 East Thirtieth street, on Friday, Oct. 26.

Mrs. L. Mack, of 133 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, will give a dinner to-morrow evening.

Mrs. Melback, of 129 East Forty-sixth street, will be the recipient of a surprise party this evening.

The Arlington League Club will give a large dinner at Mazzetti's on Nov. 17.

Mrs. and Mr. William Churn gave a reception yesterday at their country seat, Airy Hall, at Morristown.

The Last Resort.

Lady (to fond mamma)—Oh, the little boy will improve as he grows older.

Fond Mamma—His papa gets so out of patience with him! He intends to educate him, as he will be good for nothing else.

A Vast Difference.

(From Punch.)

Customer—Take these oysters away; they're too old to eat!

Waiter—These Blue Points!

Customer—Blue Points? Not much; they're Hunter's Points!

HIS SECRET.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

(Continued from Friday's EVENING WORLD.)

R. SELWYN had given up his clerkship previously, fortune having turned her wheel with vigor.

Strength, and flung his gold into his hands just as his pretty wife died. From that time he had denied himself nothing. He had travelled all over the world, taking his daughter, his cousin and a tribe of servants with him. He was generous almost to a fault. He had provided for a nephew since the boy lost his parents—had put him to college and paid his expenses when reading for the bar; but Arthur Stamer was either lazy or had few abilities, for he failed to pass his examinations again and again.

"Do you see that hedge over there, papa?" Honor cried, after he had wandered along for some time in silence. "I am going over it, will you come?"

"Of course."

He turned his horse with his whip and away they flew. Honor leading. Straight as a dart she sat on her horse, her proud, beautiful head held up like a bird. Max followed her lightly, but firmly. As she reached the hedge she spoke to the mare, and the pretty creature gathered herself up for the leap, then, with a bound, she was following and joining his daughter in a moment.

"Well, leapt, horse and rider," he said. "Honor, my child, would you do if I could not afford you the luxury of a horse?"

She glanced at him quickly, but he was not smiling.

"I would do without," she answered, though her hand strayed down the little

mare's glossy neck as though she loved the animal, and she sighed softly.

Max looked at her for a moment, then drew his horse nearer and patted her hand.

"Don't sigh, Honor," he said; "you shall never be without a horse and every other luxury I can help it. I want your life to be perfectly happy, as would be your mother's had she been spared to me."

"You were very poor, papa, when my mother was alive?"

"Treated poor, my darling! Had I been rich, I am sure, she need not have died, blame myself, oh, how I blame myself, that for a silly scruple I let her fade away!"

"A scruple, papa? what was it?"

"The fact is, my secret," he answered, "I had a talent which I feared to use; I was a fool, Honor."

"Do you mean book-writing, papa?"

"Let us have a little race. Six pairs of gloves to whoever reaches yonder oak tree first."

In the afternoon Honor and Max waited for their father, lounging near the great gates, watching for their arrival.

"Papa, you are just like a child who is going to have a tea-party," Honor laughed. "I shall—oh, here they are!"

She ran away from him and stood by the gates while the visitors alighted, welcoming them one by one with pretty, hearty warmth.

"Papa has been so impatient," she said, looking at her father, "I quite thought he would set off and meet you half way. You fed him upon flattery yesterday, and he is anxious for another meal."

"The real evidence," Max answered, "Lady Dolan, I am more than proud to be welcome you."

"Honor likes it," he answered. "It was her wish to settle down for a time, she is tired of travelling. I prefer a wandering life, but my wife died until now I have never had a home."

"And now you are satisfied to rest?"

"For a little while," he answered, leading them into the great hall, and no one but when the wandering fit comes on me must be of again, Kate," speaking to his cousin, who crossed the room to meet them. Let me introduce to you my new friends, the Earl and Countess of Dolan, Lord Bruce and Lady Mary. Countess," laying his hand for a moment lightly upon the deformed woman's arm, "this is my grand old friend, and I would have been dead over and over again."

"Oh, papa, dead more than once!"

"They all laughed merrily. A thrush broke

Not Wanted for Purposes of Trade, but as Mere Curiosities.

ES, the craze for the collection of coin is increasing every day," said a pretty girl, who stood behind the counter of an up-town store the other day. "Why, only a short time ago it was impossible almost to dispose of a good collection at anything like decent prices, but now it is all we can do to supply the demand. We get a good sum too, for special coin, and of course the older and more unique they are the more valuable they are."

"They come from all parts of the world, embracing everything known in the shape of coin money, and they are eagerly sought by collectors who are as eager to fill their deficient collections in this line as the stamp collector in his own sphere. Prices really high. The common European piece, which is plentiful and not much sought, being the cheapest, while the Arabic piece, of which there are but few here, is costly and much desired by collectors."

In the line of medals the stock is proportionately large. They come as well from all quarters and are of as varied character. The soldier on whose breast was a peculiar commemorative of noble work in action, keeps his toy until necessity compels its sale. Then to the collectors it is brought, offered with a story, and the money paid for it represents only its intrinsic value. Considered in comparison with other medals and like similar collections, it is less sought, for the reason that it is plenty. A good word would be said for the American soldier and sailor in connection with this matter. In the entire stock not one American medal is to be found, and it is a pity that at such a time, if ever, is one offered to the collector. The American soldier prizes his souvenir of action, and the story goes that he will not part with it for any price, but if he is driven to want's door, still cherishes that piece of battered metal and suffers rather than part with it.

There was one time for sale a petrified head of an old Indian chief, smaller in circumference than a baseball. It was dug out of the ground at Ecuador. It probably represented an ancient thousand years old. It was thought by a rare specimen, and a premium was placed upon it, but little letters received from that country indicate that there are still many similar curiosities which are being offered to the European and American markets, although at such a high figure as to almost prevent their purchase.

BITS OF BRIC-A-BRAC FOR HOME.

Bronze scissors tempt my lady to play seamstress nowadays.

The newest photograph cases are in creation for boudoir use and shaded plush for show.

A joint China umbrella and a fat China boy have gone into partnership as ash-receivers this fall.

Flower-baskets of glass have chrysanthemum, a camel and a deep gold band for decoration.

New photograph holders are a little larger than a silver dollar and are a clever mingling of violet and silver tracery.

Grilly-girls still use quills in inditing postcards, but they can be read clear across a club smoking-room.

Some exceedingly aesthetic picture dealer frames snow scenes with diamond dust scattered between frame and picture.

The higher the candles the more elevated the taste nowadays. One sees them in drawing-rooms of regular "high-mass" length.

"The Highest Bidder" stationery is very coarse, straw-like paper in a delicate shade of lavender, and folds into an envelope nine inches by two and a half.

The new red and yellow and green tin candlesticks are not only very, very English in their descent but they look marvellously well in a well-appointed bedroom.

A new chintz is in the market, and it is the jolliest thing out for dressing-room decoration. It is blue and white, and it costs 25 cents a yard.

No parlor tea-table or dressing-table seems complete nowadays without from one to three new red cases and a pair of new dusters, and a picture of Mrs. Langtry or Sothen in it.

There is a perfect epidemic of Madonnas in the art shops. Whether it is simply the artistic value of the pictures that has caused them to be reproduced in photograph, engraving and etching, or whether it is the result of that new fashion of "baby-loving," no one seems to know.

Not an Extraneous Number.

(From the Epoch.)

Hostess (a very voluble woman)—Yes, Mr. Oldboy, my daughter is just home from Vassar; and what do you think, she can talk in seven languages.

Mr. Oldboy (who looks rather pale, and is way up in truth)—What do I think? I think my dear madam, that if she is like her mother at all, she can't do seven languages any more than she will need.

into song just outside the window, trilling his rich, full notes as though he would sing his little soul away, the wind just moved the horse nearer and the girl's hand was sweet. Honor sat close to the open window, with Bruce in a low chair upon one side and Mary upon the other, soft-footed creatures moving about with cups of tea, fruit and cakes, and a hum of conversation mingled with the song of the bird.

"Do you ride, Miss Selwyn?" Bruce asked, hoping she would turn her head at him full of such wonderful eyes.

"Yes," she answered, "I ride. And you?"

"Of course you do. We shall meet in our rides sometimes, perhaps."

"And will you let me be to great friends, do we not, Mary?"

"Yes," the girl answered, speaking timidly, as seemed natural to her. "I have never had a ride with you, and I have wanted one so much."

"Then I will be your first; but you must call me Honor and I will call you Mary."

"And will you call me Bruce?"

"Why not? There can be no harm in addressing you by your name; and yet, perhaps, the book is over full of them. Could I not call you something funny, ridiculous, there is such a dearth of humor in my book."

"I will try," he answered, and dipped the pen in the ink; Max and Honor watched him, and in a moment he thought, then smiled and wrote:

Doctor, come and see my dolly.

She is very ill to-day.

The puppy looks like her bed.

And tore one leg away.

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All about the nursery floor.

"How absurd!" Honor said, laughing, as he looked up. "Go on."

"The puppy looks like her bed," he answered, "Must I sign my name to this foolishness?"

"Of course."

He took the pen again and scrawled his name at the bottom.

"You asked me if my handwriting was bad," he said, looking up at Max; "did I exaggerate when I said it was like an inked quier walking over a paper?"

"I can quite imagine that it would be difficult to imitate," Max answered, carelessly, "but perhaps not impossible."

"You could not imitate it," the Earl said, laughing.

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TWO NEW YORK MANAGERS ARRANGING TO INVADE ENGLAND.

Bronson Howard to Take at Least Two Pieces Across the Ocean—Mr. Palmer to Produce "Theodore" in London—Success Achieved by Miss Marlowe and Mr. Lackaye—Miss Calhoun to Star Abroad.

RONSON HOWARD, who will shortly sail for England to arrange for the production of his successful plays, "The Henrietta" and "One of Our Girls" abroad, has been waiting over for the result of his "Rodolph," which is to be the attraction at the Fourteenth Street Theatre Monday night. Should "Rodolph" prove a success, it also will be offered to the English public, and there is a possibility that Mr. Knight will play the leading part on the other side. The difficulty in regard to Frank Carlyle's appearance in "Rodolph" is caused by the actor's contract with Harry Miner's "Allan Dare" company, has been adjusted in this manner: The "Rodolph" company has lent Mr. Horning to Harry Miner in consideration of his allowing Mr. Carlyle to appear. Exchange is no robbery.

Said a manager yesterday, "See the result of a successful matinee. Little Miss Marlowe, who appeared at the Bijou, Opera House, Thursday afternoon at Parthenia in 'Ingomar,' has come to the front in the eyes of managers. Already she has received several offers, which, of course, she was unable to accept, being under contract to B. E. J. Mills. If she chose she could secure good stock work in this city, simply as the result of that matinee. Miss Marlowe is an English girl who came to this country when five years old."

A young American girl, Miss Calhoun, has just sailed for London, upon an engagement to play in the Haymarket Theatre. Miss Calhoun is a native of California. She expects to play a "starring" engagement in England before returning to this country. Exactly what it is that justifies this expectation, deponent saith not.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye is to "create" the leading part in "The Nihilist" at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Lackaye first came into notice in this city by his performance of Robert the Devil in "Allan Dare," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. First, second and third prizes were given to his good piece of work which made an actor in this most appreciative metropolis. In the theatrical profession very few are doomed to waste their sweetness on the desert air, though some of the frequenters of the Lyceum are otherwise. On the Rialto, mute, inglorious Miltons are as thickly prevalent as the flies on country boarding-house butter.

"Next week the preliminary season at the Lyceum Theatre will come to a close. People who go to see a play are no doubt greatly interested in knowing that the piece belongs to a preliminary season. It is a 'preliminary' season, which means that the value of the play, Mr. Ed. Sothen, who has been playing continuously since May, with the exception of two weeks, will leave for the States, and the highest bidder, commencing at Washington on Oct. 31. The plays 'Editha's Burglar' and 'The Great Pink Pearl' will be assigned to the theatre of Mr. Gillette to make room for 'The Wife,' which commences the Lyceum's 'regular' season.

"Jim, the Penman," still proves to be a great attraction at the Madison Square Theatre. His performance is not only a credit to the general prosperity of the country, but it is a good thing to withdraw a play before it has become a version of 'The Wife,' which has been seen at the Grand Opera House under the name of 'Renee.' Mr. Coghlan's departure for London, whether he went in Mr. Coghlan's stead, will not affect the production at the Madison Square Theatre of the various novelties in contemplation. Mr. Coghlan is arranging for the production of Sardou's 'Theodora' at the Princess's Theatre, London, where it will be given under Mr. Palmer's management.

Footlight Gossip.

Kyle Bellows, Oswald Pearl, Herbert Keiley, Louis Masson, Alexander Salvini, Henry Miller, Countess Pounds, and Mr. Lettich, of Robert and Crane Company, are giving the special matinee performance of 'As a Looking-Glass' to be given by Mrs. Langtry, Tuesday afternoon, in one of the actors' fund.

"The Wife," by Belasco and De Mille, is an American play. The scenes take place at Newport, New York and Washington. In the cast are the Misses Georgia, Cora, and Editha, and Louise Dillon and Vida Croly, Mrs. Whiffen, Mrs. Walcott, Herbert Keiley, Henry Miller, Nelson White, and Charles Walcott, Charles Walcott, Charles Walcott and Walter Belasco.

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they appear from all points of view. Don't suggest a balloon. I have been in one, and it is the reverse of pleasant."

"No; but one has to crane one's neck to see at all, and lean most uncomfortably; then all the while the great silk bag is bobbing about over your head, and one could swear it would not be so bad."

"And so you will cry, after you are dead, folks learn to fly," he said. "You will be a spirit then; do you think they can fly?"

"If they can see all the sorrows of the earth they must," she answered, growing serious.

"Honor!" her father's voice broke in upon their conversation; she rose from her seat and crossed the room to him.

"Yes, papa."

"The Earl would like to write something in your album."

"A very poor one, Miss Selwyn," the Earl said, sweetly.

"Don't let it be 'Lines to Honor,'" she said, "the book is over full of them. Could I not call you something funny, ridiculous, there is such a dearth of humor in my book."

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What Kind of Horses are Needed for Hospital Work in New York.

O wind-blown, knee-spraying horse need apply for a position on a hospital ambulance. A sound, willing, unpretentious animal fills the bill better. He will not probably survive a term of more than five or six years' service.

When Dr. I. A. Parkes, Superintendent of the Chambers Street Hospital, entered on his duties six years ago, there were only two horses kept for the ambulance. But the number of calls and transfers of patients have increased every year, and the hospital stable now holds four.

The chief afflictions of the flesh to which the ambulance horse is subject are getting foundered, wind-blown, knee-sprung, and having his hoofs become tender.

Last year there were 3,008 ambulance calls for the Chambers Street Hospital and 1,497 transfers, namely, to Bellevue and the other hospitals. The total number of calls for an hour. In the month of July last summer there were 820 calls and 177 transfers. This averages more than ten calls a day.

The ambulance weighs from 1,350 to 1,500 pounds. "They have to be heavy," said Mr. Parkes, "because this part of the town is full of vehicles, and if an ambulance runs into one it must be strong enough not to be easily broken."

One horse is used for the ambulance, although in the heavy winter weather two are put in. A rapid but not dangerous gait is the order of their going. As far as possible the labor is divided among the horses. They are used to pay \$200 a month for a horse. But they were not fully satisfied with them and have bought \$300 horses. One is usually kept for the transfer trips and one is also in readiness in case of accident to the others.

The horses are not kept harnessed in the stable on Drury street, near Broadway, but are kept in the